

goodrich 999 tires

The regular Road Tire.
Made of fine material.

For quality, Resiliency and durability it stands
at the head.

Price Per Pair, \$8.00.

goodrich anti-cactus

Extra thickness of rubber on tread.

Recommended for Rough Riding.

They are hard to puncture.

List, Per Pair, \$12.00.

inner tubes

Endless Patterns

Price, Each \$2.00.

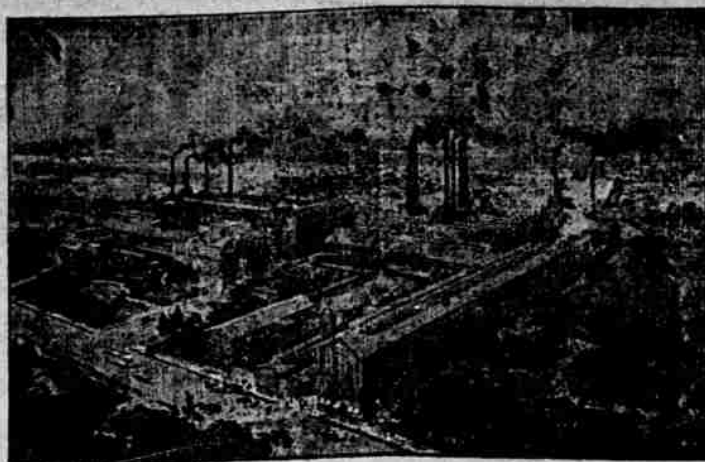
"g & j" tires

The Mechanically
Fastened Tire

in which nothing fails to
work.

The quickness with which it
can be detached or at-
tached is the advantage.
Repairing this tire is an
easy operation.

Per Pair \$10.00.



FACTORY B. F. GOODRICH CO.,
Akron, Ohio.

Why use cheap, inferior tires when
the best tires made can be gotten for
these prices?
Ask your dealer for the GOODRICH
and insist that you get the GOOD-
RICH. We are distributors and supply
the trade.

Made and sold ex-
clusively by the
B. F. Goodrich Co.
IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE PUBLISH A PALMER TIRE CATALOGUE.

Will mail this artistic book
to you on request

PER PAIR, \$12.00.

Butt end pattern

For "M & W."
Tire—

Not "Quick
Repair."

Price, each, \$2.00

goodrich 19 tire.

ROAD WEIGHT.

Same General Construction as
REGULAR GOODRICH TIRES.

FULLY GUARANTEED AND MADE
TO MEET THE DEMANDS
FOR A GOOD BUT MEDIUM
PRICED TIRES.



PER PAIR \$7.00.

**goodrich 19
anti-cactus.**

Extra Thick on Thread.

VERY SERVICEABLE TIRE.

LIST, PER PAIR, \$11.00

the "m & w" tire.

This Tire has the Butt-ended Tube,
Not the "Quick Repair" style.

MADE OF HIGH-GRADE MATERIALS.

With the Distinguishing
Features of the

goodrich construction
and quality throughout

PER PAIR \$7.00.



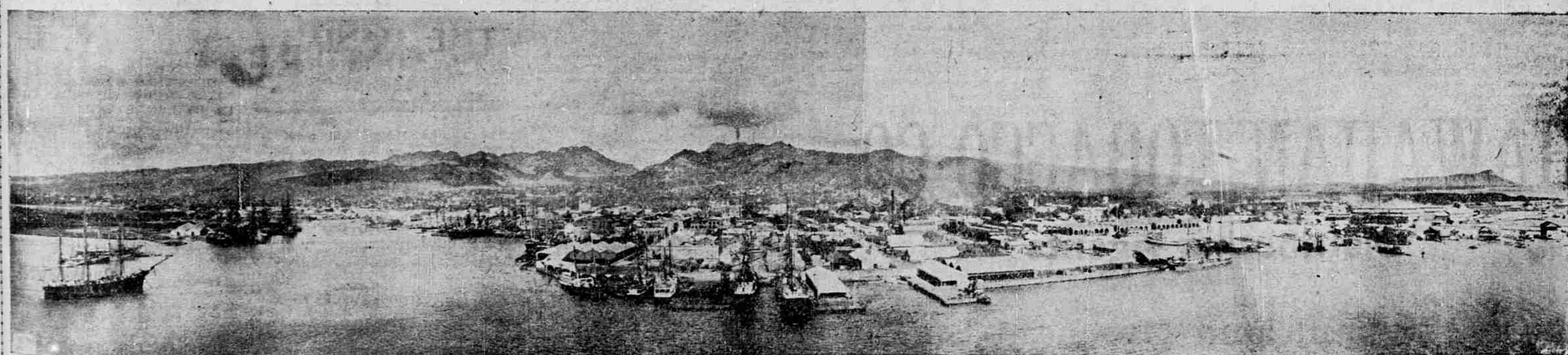
Pearson & Potter Company, Ltd.

926 FORT STREET.

TEL. MAIN 317.

Factory Distributing Agents.

DARING PHOTOGRAPHER MAKES STRIKING PICTURE OF HONOLULU



THE above is a picture of Honolulu
through the eye of a camera
from the top of a ship's mast
seventy-seven feet in height. The story
of how the bird's-eye view was obtained
is one of perseverance, patience and
luck.

Last Wednesday afternoon Melvin
Vanman of King Brothers found the
opportunity for which he had been
waiting for months, and at the risk
of life and limb accomplished the tri-
umph of a perfect reproduction of the
beautiful view that bursts upon the
eye of the stranger as he enters Ho-
nolulu's harbor: from the curling
waves circles of surf at the foot of Dia-
mond Head to the peaceful little valley
between the hills, with a truth of
detail unexcelled in photography and
faithfully catching the charm of cloud
effects that add so much to the other
beauties of the Islands.

With a camera which had been stud-
ied out and built for the purpose by
Mr. Vanman himself, he climbed to
the top of the tallest mast of the bark
Gerard C. Tobey and, in a gale of wind
that threatened to blow the enterpris-
ing photographer and his camera into
the sea, lashed himself and his appa-
ratus to it. Captain Gove of the To-
bey had invited Mr. Vanman to use
the vessel in any way that he might
wish, but when he found that it was
the purpose of the photographer to
climb the mast for his bird's-eye view,
he was extremely doubtful, and ad-
vised him not to do it. Mr. Vanman,
however, on the keen scent of a great
triumph, refused to be dissuaded,
and began to climb, lugging his appa-
ratus under his free arm. Being a
"climber," his progress was slow,
and the captain took his burden from
him, hurrying him up the rigging.

The Vanman followed, and with much
difficulty managed to get over the rim
of the fore-top and ascend the mast.
A dizzy climb of over ninety feet

brought him to the royal yard at the
top, where the captain waited with the
apparatus. The captain and the pho-
tographer seated themselves upon the
yard with the heavy camera between
them, and the sailors below hoisted the
yard as far it would go, to the top of
the ropes. It would have been impos-
sible to have obtained the view at a
lower point, as the ropes would have
intervened. The captain descended,
leaving the daring "hand-lubber" to his
task.

In speaking of his experience, Mr.
Vanman says it is one that he could
never be prevailed upon to undergo
again. The wind was blowing at a
rate calculated to make one's hair
stand on end to think about it, and the
cumbersome camera-box, nearly a
yard long and over a foot in width and
thickness, bobbed about and threat-
ened to fall from the yard with every
pitch of the vessel. Down below

the sailors looked like lively little pig-
mies at their work on deck. The great
mast swayed back and forth and the
wind flapped loose ropes about and
whistled through the taut ones. His
hat gone and his head in a whirl from
the dizzy height of his lonely perch,
Mr. Vanman got his apparatus in
readiness, first lashing himself to the
mast with a rope which he had worn
about his waist.

His feet rested on the wobbling
block of the royal yard, and he was
compelled to lurch each way with the
swing of the mast to avoid losing his
uncertain foothold. After securing
himself, the photographer lashed a tri-
angle, which he had provided for the
purpose, to the mast, forming a sup-
port for the camera, which he put in
position and focused. While climbing
up the mast the wind had blown the
cap from the lens, and a substitute
was made from a piece of paper which
the photographer had in his pocket.
Finally, when everything was in readi-
ness to take the picture, a great cloud

floated over the City, throwing the
whole view into the shadow, and there
on his lofty, uncertain perch, with the
wind blowing at thirty-five miles an
hour, the plucky photographer was
compelled to wait for two hours and a
half. But for the cloud it would have
been an ideal moment, as the atmos-
pheric conditions were perfect for the
purpose, and the sun shone brightly
over the whole scene. Mr. Vanman
has been for months studying chemi-
cal effects in photography, and he
hoped to catch the natural form and
shading of the clouds. He was about
to give up his attempt in despair when
the mass of cloud began to move and
floated off mauka way, trailing its
vast shadow over the slopes leading up
to the mountains. It was Mr. Van-
man's chance, and, waiting for the
mast to swing level, he quickly touch-
ed the little lever that operates the
shutter. He had every reason to be-
lieve his venture a success, but there
is many a slip 'twixt the exposure and
the print, and he sought to make sure.

Three times he went through the
process of taking out, turning around
and replacing the plate-holders and
pressing the lever. Each process was
accomplished with the greatest diffi-
culty.

With one arm around the mast to
secure himself and to grasp the cam-
era, with the other he took out the
plate-holders and replaced them. The
swaying of the mast rendered it al-
most impossible to keep the plate hori-
zontal with the view, and two of the
plates were spoiled on this account.
The third was a success.

When the feat of descent had been
safely accomplished, Mr. Vanman
found himself in a half-fainting condi-
tion, the two hours and a half nervous
strain having taxed his strength se-
verely. His triumph, however, when
his success was assured, was enough
to repay him for the experience,
though he will climb no more masts for
all the pictures in Christendom.
The photograph thus obtained is un-
doubtedly the best ever secured of a

harbor-city view, and it will be wide-
ly published in magazines and papers.

**NO LONGER EVEN THE BOSS
GLUTTON.**

Mayor Van Wyck of New York has
lost his sole claim for glory—the same
being a record for eating beefsteak.
Since the incident of the city hall flag
His Honor has been very much in the
public eye. The beefsteak record was
dragged forth, among other incidents
in his career, and the world was in-
formed that Mr. Van Wyck could eat
fourteen pounds of juicy beefsteak at
one sitting—a slab an inch thick and
three feet square. Last week Patrick
Divver, the east side political leader,
deliberately planned to rob the Mayor
of this last shred of fame. He ordered
fifteen pounds of beefsteak and ate
fourteen and a half pounds without
getting up from the table. The re-
maining half pound Mr. Divver gave to
the cat. He added that he "felt quite
refreshed."

WAS A MAN OF MANY MEDALS.

Thomas Shaw, who died the other day
in Philadelphia, had won nearly 100
medals for inventions. "It is a singular
situation," says the Philadelphia North
American, "when an inventor is afraid
of his own creation, but Mr. Shaw en-
countered this experience in his inven-
tion known as the steam trumpet. His
object was to produce the maximum
sound, and he succeeded to a destructive
point. He said the vibrations were so
terrible that he was compelled to aban-
don the invention, but he always be-
lieved that he could construct a trumpet
that would demolish a building by blow-
ing at it, and he often made the state-
ment that he could make a trumpet so
powerful that, standing in Broad street
and blowing, he could bring down the
city hall tower."

JUST THE OPPOSITE.

"When I first met you," cried the
woman who had been married for her
money, "you occupied a low, menial po-
sition; but now, thanks to me, your po-
sition"—
"Is a hymeneal one," her husband in-
terrupted.—Philadelphia Press.



C. MELVIN VANMAN
THE PHOTOGRAPHER



THE GERARD C. TOBEY.
THE POSITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER
IS INDICATED BY A CROSS.



CAPTAIN GOVE
ABOARD THE TOBEY